[PRICE THREE CENTS.]

THE WASP.

By Robert Ruſticoat, Eſquire.

Vol. I.] *" To laſh the Raſcals naked through the world."* [No. 8.

HUDSON, SEPTEMBER 23, 1802.

☞ ON the receipt of this number (8) of the Waſp, each ſubſcriber in Hudſon and vicinity, is deſired to pay to the publiſher, *Fifty Cents*, which will compenſate for thoſe already publiſhed, and for the eight ſucceeding numbers.—Subſcribers at a diſtance, may defer payment until the amount is ſuch that it can be forwarded by mail.

THE Baltimore *American*, printed by a *Frenchman* ſays, Mr. Jefferſon does not hire ſlanderers, alias democratic editors, from one end of the union to the other. Why? O, becauſe, ſays monſieur Pechin, it does not agree with his repreſented "Parſimony." Not quite ſo faſt, Monſieur, do you think a parſimonious character would'nt pay a couple of thouſand dollars to ſecure twenty-five thouſand—the exact amount of the Preſident's ſalary. All the money Mr. Jefferſon has paid to printers, from Freneau down to Callender's one hundred dollars, perhaps, would not exceed five thouſand dollars. By virtue of theſe five thouſand dollars, it is probable he became Preſident, and entitled to twenty-five thouſand dollars. This is pretty good intereſt, monſieur Pechin—and one would think as much as the moſt avaricious could deſire.

THE conviction of Major Wetmore, in Connecticut, for ſedition, excites all the ſympathy of Mr. Holt. His caſe was ſomewhat ſimilar. There were democrats on the jury, too, when Holt was convicted. When we reflect that one juror can prevent a conviction, we muſt conclude that the guilt of both theſe men was too palpable, and too deteſtable to be tolerated by their own party; and that the democrats in Connecticut are of a ſuperior order—of a different ſpecies from thoſe in New-York. Their driving Holt from among them, and his cordial reception here, corroborates this laſt idea.

EXTRACT FROM THE BEE.

" Some time ago a gentleman of the name of Walker, a neighbour to Mr. Jefferson, went to Europe and left his family under the care of Mr. Jefferson; during his absence Mr. J. attempted to seduce his lady, and when he conceived himself sufficiently ingratiated into her favor he made an attack on her virtue, but was resisted by Mrs. W. and repulsed by her with a pair of scissors; on Mr. Walker's return he called on Mr. Jefferson for satisfaction, when Mr. J. begged his pardon, and wrote him a letter confessing and apologising for his criminal intentions."

REMARKS, BY THE EDITOR OF THE WASP.

Reader, are you not ſtruck dumb with aſtoniſhment? What a bold and daring attempt is here to rob Mr. Jefferſon of his hard-earned *popularity*.—Callender and Holt (caſt off, neglected and deſpiſed by their former patrons) are now leagued together to defame the preſident of the United States.—Callender aſſerts, "that it is well known in Virginia that Mr. Jefferſon has for years paſt, while his wife was living, and does now, ſince ſhe is dead, keep "a woolly-headed concubine," by the name of Sally—that by her he has had ſeveral children, and that one by the name of Tom has, ſince his father's election, taken upon himſelf many airs of importance, and boaſted his extraction from a preſident."—And now Holt tells the above ſhameful ſtory in his infamous paper.——I cannot gueſs the cauſe of this conduct in Holt, unleſs he is about to turn Burrite, which, upon the whole I think is moſt probable, as it has been aſſerted in the American Citizen and repeated in the Albany Regiſter (and never contradicted) that he was offered a fine ſalary, if he would conſent to edit the new Burrite paper in New-York.—What ſhameful apoſtacy! What damnable treachery! What baſe—what black ingratitude!—Holt and Callender—Callender and Holt—thou modern Judaſes—long ſhalt thou be remembered by an indignant univerſe!

TO MR. MITCHELL,

SIR,

ARE you, or are you not, the same ISAAC MITCHELL who *died in Virginia*, some years ago.

DUANE curſes England, becauſe felony is there puniſhed by a ſwing from the gallows. Cheetham curſes England becauſe her laws tolerate gibbets. But why does Holt curſe Connecticut? Alas! there are laws in Connecticut, which ſubjects the infamous ſlanderer, the lying diſturber of domeſtic peace, to puniſhment. Holt knows *by ſad experience*, that there are goals in Connecticut. He knows, too, *by ſad experience*, that a weakly editor, who habitually ſports with truth, is compelled by his own party to ſtarve or run away. There is not a ſtate government in the union, which ſo nearly approaches a ſimple democracy as that of Connecticut. In no ſtate are the laws milder, ſubmitted to with more readineſs, or more promptly executed. Theſe facts are well known to the editor of the Bee. But becauſe he, poor fellow, for his manifold tranſgreſſions, was forced to make the goal of N. London his printing-office for a few months, and finally for his habitual ſlanders, frowned from the ſtate by his own party, he denounces vengeance. He weekly gathers a few of Abraham Bishop's ſilieſt ſlanders, and gives them as his own.—"Poor man! how I pity thee!

Extract of a letter from a diſtance, to the Editor.

"SIR,

"A Republican Bee, has lately made his appearance in this place. His courage in wandering ſo far from his Hive, appears to be his only recommendation or virtue.

"We rather conclude, from his inceſſant buzzing, that he is one of the diſappointed or neglected of the "ſect;" or that he is to totally unintelligible to himſelf and has been an unprofitable ſervant: and hence we are compelled to believe that he has been expelled for a *drone*.

"It would be rather degrading to ourſelves to exerciſe our authority againſt this worthleſs inſect, or we ſhould have turned him, *neck and heels*, out of town, on his firſt appearance.

"That we may be no longer diſturbed by this droniſh whining outcaſt, we requeſt you to ſend us each a federal Waſp, commiſſioned to ſting him to death, and we will cheerfully defray the expence of the warfare.

"Yours, &c."

[Signed by ſeveral perſons.]

SOME of the democratic editors ſtill continue to mourn about the unfortunate Jonathan Robbins. Alas! Poor fellow! He was not as lucky as Cheetham and Duane, or he might have been at this day, a firſt rate jacobin editor.

HOLT, in his fifth number, ſpeaking of the cuſtom among printers in the country, of copying from the papers of New-York, Philadelphia, Boſton, &c. introduces the following *naſty* ſimile;

"They to each other
"——————afford ſupply,
"As *Hog* to *Hog* in huts of Weſtphaly;
"If one thro' nature's bounty or his lord's
"Has what the frugal dirty ſoil affords,
"From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
"As pure a maſs almoſt as it came in;
"The bleſſed benefit not there confin'd,
"Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;
"From tail to mouth they feed, and thus carouſe:
"The laſt full fairly gives it to the houſe."

Now if this is not enough to turn the ſtomachs of Holt's *enlightened* readers, it may juſtly be inferred that they can digeſt any thing, with as much eaſe as a cat-fiſh.—It comes, however, with a very ill grace from a poor pedlar of lies, who fills fifteen ſixteenths of his paltry ſheet with ſtuff which has paſſed through Cheetham, and Duane, and Blake, and "Old South," and Abram Biſhop.—But Holt ſhould have carried his ſimile a little farther, and after

"The laſt full fairly gives it to the houſe."

He ſhould have added—

When, lo! the *Bee* forth from the ſtinking heap,
A luſcious harveſt of its ſweets doth reap.

FOR THE WASP.

MY DEAR BOB,

HAPPENING in a public houſe on Tueſday, when the *Bee* was brought in, I overheard and wrote down the following Dialogue, between *Slaver* and *Teſty*, two democrats who were preſent.

Slaver.—[Takes up the *Bee* and reads:—]

"FRIEND HOLT,
"I obſerved in your paper, No. 1, Auguſt 17, a Rebus, in anſwer to it take the following:—

"ANSWER.
"TAKE the latter four letters of *Honey*,
"An inſect's produce (if you pleaſe)
"Fix an M thereunto and 'TIS MONEY:
"And your Rebus is ſolved with eaſe. C."

What a comical dog that Holt is. [*looking ſignificantly at Teſty*.]

Teſty.—Comical!—He is a d—d impudent puppy to put in ſo much about *money*. A pretty affair to be ſure. He'll make folks think, by and bye, that we a'n't able to pay for a quarter's newſpapers.—Not content with dunning us in all manner of forms, he muſt needs inſert in his very firſt number, a curſed old rebus, that I knew when I went to ſchool, merely to tell us he wanted money.—And now, under pretence of an an-

fwer, here comes another *broad hint* flap in our chops.

Slaver.—Why neighbour *Teſty*, you know it is neceſſary to remind people of theſe ſmall matters often, or they may be neglected.

Teſty.—[*In a violent paſſion*] No ſuch thing! no ſuch thing! The impudent raſcal means *me;* and I'll be d—d if I'll be ſo impoſed upon.

On this he left the room, foaming with rage, and pouring forth denunciations againſt poor Holt; who, to tell the truth, finds that neither *hints* nor *kicks* have much effect upon his callous ſupporters.

" AN OBSERVER."

TIT FOR TAT, OR A SHORT DIALOGUE.

Federaliſt.—[*exultingly*] SO Holt has already acknowledged that he lied when he aſſerted that Mr. Thomas was not removed.

Democrat. " So it ſeems."

Fed. Well, what excuſe has Holt for that lie?

Dem. Why, ſurely, "it is no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation."

Fed. Well, has Granger the ſame excuſe for his conduct, in removing Mr. Thomas?

Dem. Holt ſays that he edits a newſpaper.

Fed. Will you believe a man, whoſe " vocation" is to lie in one paper and expoſe himſelf in the next. Mr. Thomas is not an editor. Think you that he is more intereſted in his ſon's paper, than ſome of Granger's Poſt-maſters are in the democratic prints?

Dem. Who is Mr. Thomas?

Fed. He was born in Maſſachuſetts. At the commencement of the revolution, he boldly advocated the cauſe of freedom. Gage included him in his proſcriptions and perſecuted him from Boſton. He was the leader of a company, which eſtabliſhed a line of Poſt-Riders through the continent, which was at that time of infinite ſervice to America. He was about the year '76 appointed by Dr. Franklin a Poſt-maſter in Worceſter. For twenty years the office did not reward him for his trouble and expence; the laſt ſix or ſeven years, it has become more lucrative. This was the man of ſeventy ſix—the man who aided to eſtabliſh our independence—the man whom Franklin deemed worthy of reward—And becauſe this man would not ſubſcribe to Callender's doctrine, that Waſhington was a robber, a perjurer—and Adams a hoary headed incendiary, he is deprived of his office and a foreigner ſucceeds him.

Dem. Holt ſays, that his ſucceſſor came to this country in '75, and therefore is not a foreigner.

Fed. Holt either lies on purpoſe to deceive his *ſimple* readers, or he is too much of a ſimpleton to be an editor Mr. Wilſon came to this country in '75.—he was then eight or ten years old.—He reſided here a ſhort time, and while ſtill a boy, returned to England. There he became of age, and there he continued to reſide until '96 or 7. He was born in England.—he arrived at the age of twenty-one in England—he has reſided in England his whole life, except 7 or 8 years. Now, Holt well knew theſe facts; and, knowing them, is there that creature on earth except Holt who would riſque (not his reputation—that has already flown) his bread, by ſo bare-faced a violation of truth, as to aſſert this man a citizen of the United States.

Dem. Holt aſſerts there is now but 150 Democratic to 940 *Federal Poſt-maſters.*

Fed. That is as falſe as his other aſſertions.—You are acquainted in this ſtate. You are much more capable of judging upon this ſubject than Holt, now tell me if you know one Poſt-office worth two hundred dollars per year, in this ſtate, which is owned by a federaliſt. You will ſee ſome country poſt-offices, not worth one farthing, ſtill retained. But the reaſon is, no democrat will take them.

Dem. Holt ſays, that John Adams would not ſuffer a ſingle *Democratic* Poſt-maſter.

Fed. You can detect that falſhood by your own obſervation, look at the two moſt lucrative offices in this ſtate—New-York and Albany, have they not always been holden by Democrats? No my friend, Granger's excuſes were bad enough—But what would Granger ſay if he knew Holt was defending him—he would have the hyſtericks.

WE are authoriſed to contradict moſt peremptorily the inſinuations and aſſertions now current, that Solomon Dayton, is a co-editor of the Bee.—He has not written one ſentence for that paper.

☞ I muſt apologize to my " fellow-editor," Holt, for not giving the following note a place ſomewhat ſooner.—He may reſt aſſured, that he ſhall not in future have an opportunity of charging me with a want of politeneſs—for politeneſs is an accompliſhment on which I pride myſelf.—My Waſp has about double the circulation that his Bee has; he muſt therefore, conſider it as a great favor that I condeſcend, even at this time, " to *adverti/e*" (as Callender ſays) his droniſh bumble-bee:

" *Hudſon, (N. Y.) Auguſt* 2, 1802.

" C. Holt requeſts thoſe printers who exchange with " him, to direct their papers to this place: from " whence he will ſend his in return in a week or two. " And he will thank a few of his fellow-editors to pub- " liſh this note once or twice."

I cannot publiſh it more than *once*. Mr. Holt.

To CORRESPONDENTS.

JONATHAN WAVER's Song is full of humor; but, as the old ſaying is, " *too much of one thing is good for nothing.*"—I muſt, therefore, omit all but one ſtanza, and the chorus.—Speaking of Holt, he ſays,

" I thought he'd ev'ry paper cram
" With ſomething dev'liſh funny,
" Wrote by ſerious *larned* Sam
" Or Gander-headed Johnny."

CHORUS.

" Raiſe your voices democrats!
" With the Bee be handy—
" Read it 'till you're blind as bats,
" And ſwear that Holt's the dandy.

FOR THE WASP.

FARMER LINCOLN IN FURIOUS FRET.

THE FARMER SPEAKETH—

UPON my word, I do declare,
The deuce is in our nation;
In vain I rant, and curſe, and ſwear,
And bawl for moderation.
CHORUS.
For moderation all do know
I am a ſpanking fellow:
To moderation I will hold,
As long as I can bellow.

When to affright the fed'ral crew
I threat extermination,
And with loud bawlings try to ſhew
My zeal for moderation,

The ſtubborn raſcals little heed
My noiſy declamation;
But laugh, and ſay Lincoln's indeed
Red-hot for moderation.

Whene'er I ſtammer out a lie,
Somewhat like boys at ſchool, ſirs,
They ſtraight ſet up a hoot and cry
Fierce Levi's turn'd a fool, ſir,

And when my maſter to obey,
'Bout prieſts I make a racket,
The dirty ſcoundrels dare to ſay,
He needs the bedlam jacket.

And then, to crown this vile abuſe,
Some ſaucy wags have ſaid, ſir,
That Preſident's bull-dog let looſe,
Is running raving mad, ſir.

Sha'nt I, who hold the people dear,
Who hate prevarication,
Who get ſome hundred pounds a year,
Roar out for moderation.

In honor's temple I've a ſeat,
But ſcarce have touch'd a dollar;
And will fed's try me thence to beat—
By Jove it ſtirs my choler.

Theſe fed's are worſe than Nick of hell,
I'm bold enough to ſay, ſir;
He'd let me fill my pocket's well,
They'd drive me poor away, ſir.

My ſalary to me is dear,
I love it to a penny;
For pay I'll rant, and bawl, and ſwear,
And he who wont's a ninny.

To Waſhington I ſtraight will go,
And then I do aſſure ye,
When I come back I'll lay fed's low,
And make them feel my fury.

And now beware, each Fed'ral lad,
Nor vent on me your ſpite, ſir,
If Farmer Lincoln has grown mad,
Take care he doth not bite ſir.
CHORUS.
For moderation all do know
I am a ſpanking fellow;
To moderation I will hold,
As long as I can bellow.

FOR THE WASP.

A LITTLE TALE.

WHEN Holt firſt came to view this town,
Before he could bring from his own
His types, accoutrements and *Bee*,
He wanted *caſh* to ſet them free.
'Twas then Sir Pious chanc'd to meet
His old friend Gripus in the ſtreet:—

" Our man of types (ſaid he) has come;
" We want to raiſe a trifling ſum;
" He wants five hundred dollars down,
" Before he dares to leave his town;
" So give us fifty from your cheſt,
" And we'll contrive to raiſe the reſt."

" What! I pay fifty (Gripus cries)
" No! if I do, then damn my eyes;
" I'm not, an' pleaſe ye, quite ſo hearty,
" In propping up our ſinking party.
" Suppoſe the *ſhiners* I ſhould pay,
" And then the dog ſhould run away."

" Huſh! (quoth Sir Pious) Huſh! for fear
" That ROBERT RUSTICOAT will hear."

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FOR THE EDITOR.